

THE CARMELITE

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FIVE CENTS



LINOLEUM BLOCK BY

W. JOHNSTONE

MARCH 5 1930

Carmel News

PAGEANT OF PLAYS

In response to the demand for a revival of the drama in Carmel, a program of plays that is arousing more enthusiasm and genuine interest than anything of its kind in recent years was decided upon by the directors of the Forest Theater last Thursday at a meeting held at Pine Inn.

Possibly the most outstanding season in Carmel's history will begin with the production of "The God of Gods" on July fourth and sixth at the Forest Theater. A play yet to be announced will be staged by Edward Kuster on the alternate dates—July fifth and seventh—at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

The Board of Directors of the Forest Theater decided to co-operate in every way with Edward G. Kuster. Harmony in selection of plays, and in the fixing of dates, is part of the plan to give the Peninsula a summer pageant of plays which will become an annual event, drawing its audience from a wider field than has ever before been attempted.

Already a well-defined advertising program has begun. Publicity is being started much earlier than in the past. Much of it will be through the medium of a poster series.

Not only are the people immediately connected with the project enthusiastic over its possibilities, but also many outsiders are preparing to help in every way possible. Community organizations are outspokenly in favor of the plan. From Pasadena, Santa Barbara and Laguna Beach have come letters of encouragement.

Within the next fortnight full details of the pageant will be made public, according to Daisy Bostick, head of the publicity committee. Additional information will also be forthcoming soon in regard to the participation of the Golden Bough in the summer festival.

GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES

Miss Huntington, Commissioner of the Girl Scout Council of Carmel, received a telegram from the Girl Scout Headquarters in New York, stating that on Friday evening, March seventh, at seven o'clock Pacific Time there will be broadcasted a program of a banquet given in honor of Lord and Lady Baden Powell, founders of both the Boy and Girl Scouts.

Miss Betty Phillips of Victoria has been retained as Captain to direct the Girl Scout activities in Carmel.

REOPENING OF THE PLAYHOUSE

On Sunday evening, March fifteenth, Carmel Playhouse, with seating arrangements radically improved and with various other additions and alterations, will re-open with the recital of Paul McCool, a much-heralded young American pianist. This artist, who returned from Europe last summer after a series of Continental successes, will leave next month for a two-year concert tour of the European musical capitals. Carmel is fortunate in capturing one of the few dates available before his departure.

Running through the mass of favorable press comment that his playing has evoked at home and abroad, one finds reiterated emphasis on the poetic quality of his style; the romantic passion and emotional glow of his Chopin; the delicacy of the Debussy rendering; and the breath and purity of his readings of the older classics. McCool's approach to the moderns is said to be sane and open-minded, but with none of the cold ultra-intellectualism that distinguishes so many of the exponents of the prophets of atonality and dissonance.

Seats are now being reserved at Lial's Music Shop. The seating capacity of the house being reduced to two hundred fifty, places will be at a premium for this opening event of the spring season.

"SEVEN LAST WORDS" — EASTER ORATORIO

A chorus of seventy-five singers, directed by Fenton P. Foster, is rehearsing in the Pacific Grove Woman's Club building for the Easter oratorio—Dubois' "Seven Last Words"—to be given in Carmel at the Arts and Crafts Hall on Good Friday evening, Thursday, the seventeenth of April.

An orchestra of twenty has been assembled. Carroll G. Sandholdt will sing a tenor role; Mrs. Arthur G. Kelly, soprano, is taking part in the oratorio, which promises to be as vividly presented as last year's Easter play, Stainers' "Crucifixion," also directed by Fenton Foster.

The play will begin at eight o'clock, and is being presented for the benefit of the Boy Scouts Building Fund.

NEWS ITEM

(Illustrated on page one)

The Lindberghs are or were registered at Del Monte Lodge, Pebble Beach.

THE CARMELITE, MARCH 5, 1930

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE EXHIBIT

Many prominent artists and writers from Berkeley, Monterey and Carmel visited the Ray Woodward studio on Dolores street last Saturday to view a private exhibition of William Johnstone's paintings. His work, new to the peninsula, attracted much interest, and visitors were still calling at the studio on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Among paintings exhibited was work which had won awards at the National Salon, Paris and at Deauville. Mr. Johnstone has been awarded the Stewart Prize in design. He taught for a while at the California School of Arts and Crafts; and is now conducting classes in painting and sculpture at the Forge in the Forest. His sculpture, by the way, is strongly reflected in his paintings.

A well-balanced showing attracted attention from conservatives for academic studies included, and a modernistic medium employed aroused much comment from another group. Mr. Johnstone's more modern work shows clearly the effects of an early-acquired academic style.

"FATHERS' DINNER" AT SUNSET SCHOOL

Members of the Carmel Parent Teacher's Association are to have a special treat next Wednesday night, March twelfth at six thirty o'clock, when they are served a dinner prepared by Frank Shridan and his committee of fathers. In addition to the dinner, which, of course, will be excellent, there will be group singing such as was enjoyed during the last dinner meeting.

Dr. Herbert R. Stolz from the University of California and Director of the Institute of Child Welfare in Berkeley, will speak to the group on "The Education of Parents By Their Children." Reservations for the dinner should be placed with the Sheridans by Tuesday, March eleventh.

LONG LEGGED HERON

Long legged heron

If you had a wish

You would ask the Gods

For one small fish.

And the Gods might give you one

I would ask the sun

Out of the sky

The Gods would laugh

and pass by.

ELLA Young

Around Town

On Monday, Caroline Blackman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman of St. Louis and Carmel, was married to Orrick Johns, poet-writer. Mr. Johns is the son of the editor of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" and has only recently returned to this country from Europe. He lived chiefly in Italy, owning a studio overlooking the hills and orchards of the Tuscany valley near Florence. Later he lived at Capri. In Florence he knew D. H. Lawrence, whom Carmel regarded as a near neighbor since he had lived in Taos. Mr. and Mrs. Johns will live in Caroline Blackman's cottage, which once belonged to Mary Austin, off Monte Verde street.

Sinclair Lewis, who came to the Peninsula to loaf, spent all last week in seclusion, working on two stories. These finished, he and Dorothy Thompson left early Monday morning for San Francisco, stopping to lunch with Sara Bard Field and Erskine Scott Wood at Los Gatos on the way. Sinclair Lewis is going to visit J. B. McNamara, Matt Schmidt and Tom Mooney in San Quentin.

Another visitor over the week-end was Max Eastman, who is on a lecture tour and had to hurry on to Pasadena. He stayed with Lincoln Steffens and saw all of the Peninsula and as many of its human inhabitants as could be fitted into twelve hours. To those who think us off the beaten path, his comment "I seem to have come to Carmel to see all my old New York friends" will be illuminating. It was in Carmel that Max Eastman caught up with Mabel Lujan, an old friend, whom he missed three times last fall in New York. An article about Max Eastman appears elsewhere in this issue.

Lawrence Morris, New York writer, has come to Carmel to be the guest of Miss Mary Bulkley for several weeks. Some years ago Morris had a long article entitled "Robinson Jeffers, Poet of Tragic Terror," in the "New Republic." Recently "Plain Talk" has been publishing his translations of hitherto unpublished letters of Guy de Maupassant to Gustave Flaubert.

On Saturday morning at the Rectory of Mission San Carlos de Monterey, the marriage took place of Anna Arthur, of Cwm, Berriew, Wales, to Leslie P. McCarthy, only son of Mrs. Mary McCarthy, of Monterey. Father Gerald Cunerton officiated. Mrs. Grace Devan

and Jo Bass were witnesses and in addition to the mother of the bridegroom, the Misses Helen and Margaret McCarthy and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens were present. The bride, being Welsh, carried a bouquet of daffodils, the Welsh national flower, mixed with freesias, yellow roses and hyacinths. After the ceremony the couple drove to the McCarthy home for the wedding breakfast, and later went to San Francisco where they were planning to attend the St. David's Day banquet—St. David being the patron saint of Wales and March the first his day. They will live in Carmel. In her three years in America, Mrs. McCarthy, Junior, has made a memorable decision. "If ever I leave Carmel," she said, "it will be for Wales." Last summer she went to Wales to visit her family, but she came back to Carmel.

A party of the oldest inhabitants gathered at the Sinclair Lewis home on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cook and Miss Alice MacGowan told tales of the Carmel that was, and Mr. Ferdinand Burgdoff, though now of Pebble Beach, joined in. Sinclair Lewis reminisced of the day when Miss MacGowan had a maid and was almost the only one in Carmel who did, so others came often to eat her food. Ella Winter and Max Eastman joined the party for a short while, but a mere three-year-old resident was nowhere, even though not ten minutes before she had been pointing out the colors on the Seventeen-Mile Drive to the New York visitor as if she were sole possessor. The beauty of this region makes the resident possessive.

SEARCH SEMINARS

The last Search Seminar presented a program of exceptional interest. Professor Search transported his listeners back into the centuries of the past, presenting a graphic word picture of medieval Nuremburg, with visualizations of Albrecht Durer, Germany's greatest painter, Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet and singer, and a vivid interpretation of "Die Meiseraenger," wherein Walter won the hand of fair Eva in that marvelously beautiful contest of song. The whole evening was one of rare storytelling, enjoyable travel reminiscences and pictured illustrations.

At the next seminar, to be held on Tuesday evening, March eleventh, the subject will be "The World's Greatest Pictures." Additional persons desiring to attend these purely study evenings, should telephone in advance, (145R) as numbers present are frequently far beyond room convenience.

SPECIAL SHOWING OF WESTON PRINTS

On Saturday afternoon, March eighth, Edward Weston will be in the Denny-Watrous Gallery from two to five, personally exhibiting his prints and showing his portfolio. The exhibit, which has been showing for several weeks in the Gallery, will be enlarged, and several prints unshown before will be on display.

A steady interest has been shown in the Weston prints, people returning again and again to study the unusual craft and creative handling of every-day subject matter.

The exhibit that is showing in the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel is practically identical with the exhibit of Weston's in the Braxton Gallery in Hollywood which is attracting so much notice.

Edward Weston has also just sent fifty prints to the St. Louis Public Library, fifty of his own and his son Brett to the Museum of Art, Houston, Texas, and still another fifty prints are on display in Stuttgart, Germany.

The public is invited to meet Mr. Weston on Saturday next, when he will be in the Gallery with his portfolio, which contain some two hundred odd prints, exhibiting the variety and scope of his genius. Mr. Weston will also be glad to talk with those who have studied his prints and have wanted to ask questions about his work.

Carmel Woman's Club

MARCH CALENDAR

(Meetings are held at the Girl Scouts' House unless otherwise indicated.)

6th—Music Appreciation, 2 P. M.

12th—Book, 10:00 A.M.

13th—Garden. At the home of Miss Ella Kellogg, Casanova Street, 10:00.

18th—Bridge, 10:00.

19th—Current Events, 10:00.

20th—Music Appreciation, 10:00.

26th—Book, 10:00.

27th—Garden. At the home of Miss Anne Grant, 10:00.

The Music Appreciation Section of the Woman's Club will meet at two o'clock, on Thursday, instead of ten o'clock as formerly.

Mrs. John B. Dennis will speak at tomorrow's meeting on various aspects of music.

The Choral Auxiliary of the Woman's Club meets every Tuesday night at the Girl Scout House at seven-thirty. Rehearsals are under the direction of Miss Madeline Currey. An invitation is extended to all who like to sing and who enjoy choral training, whether members of the club or not.

"BLIND" STREETS

There are a few "blind" streets that end at canyon rims in the Eighty Acres and the Carmel Woods; they are perhaps the most far-seeing streets of all in that they retain so strongly the simplicity of old Carmel. Elsewhere houses and plantings have changed, or will, but there the same gardens and old homes that were twelve years ago remain. A "blind" street might be compared to the back-water of a river; there is a peace about it—it retains a changeless character. One notices in growing cities that gullies, peaks, and river beds act as natural stops to the advance of building.

There is a mania, however, whenever civilization is stopped, that its crest shall pass over everything, that all "blind" streets shall be opened whatever the cost. Edwin Markham and Joaquin Miller both lived near a street in Fruitvale—a "blind" street that today preserves all that is left in that section of beauty and quiet that drew the poets there in the first place.

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**DRAMA GUILD IN
OPEN MEETING**

So much interest has been aroused over the plans of the Monterey Peninsula Drama Guild, that it has been decided to make the first meeting an open one. The meeting will be held in the Arts and Crafts Hall, Casanova street, on Thursday evening, March sixth at eight o'clock.

Mrs. Stanley Richardson of Monterey Presidio will read the first act of John Drinkwater's play "Bird in Hand."

Plans for the future of the Guild will be discussed. Active workers for the building up of the drama on the peninsula declare that the interest and help of all who desire to co-operate in the purpose will be proven by the attendance at this time. They say that it is impossible to contact the many friends of the drama personally so that this meeting will be a splendid opportunity of getting together.

Among the interesting things to be presented will be a tentative play-list for the Golden Bough productions during the coming year.

Miss Blanche Tolmie will briefly tell of the aims and ideals of the Children's Theatre.

The meeting is called for eight o'clock sharp. Everyone is asked to be punctual, as Mrs. Richardson's reading will begin the evening's program.

[AS REQUIRED BY POSTAL REGULATIONS]
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The Garden . . .

Conducted by ANNE NASH and
DOROTHY Q. BASSETT, of
the Garden Shop.

"I am very fond of dogs, but don't like cats!" Very true, perhaps, but someone remarked that it would be just as sensible to say, "I love to play bridge, but golf doesn't interest me," or "Doughnuts never did agree with me, but I enjoy a good steak." We should like to add a few to this list: some that we hear often: "I love Baby-Blue-Eyes, but never could stand Veronicas." . . . "Yes, I like Heathers well enough, but I'd rather have cornflowers." . . . "Do you really like Coprosmas? I think Zinnias are so much more interesting." I'll never forget one summer when we struggled to supply some much needed shrubs for a garden. To every suggestion that was made, the owner came in with the refrain, "I'd like to have French Marigolds!" Of course, French Marigolds and all other annuals are very well in their place, and certainly there's nothing to take that place. But neither can they take the place of sturdier, more permanent planting. There are times in the planning of a garden when it is best to put aside one's likes and dislikes and think only of the bulk and durability of the plants considered.

A bowl of cut flowers in your living room will not take the place of the table or couch. Neither will the borders of bright annuals outside take the place of the permanent shrubs and trees, which are really the furniture of the garden. The garden must be structurally complete without its annuals, and this structure depends mainly upon shrubs. Perennials, of course, bridge the gap, always giving color and often the needed BULK, but alas, seldom the permanence. As with annuals, now you see them, now you don't.

Most people expect too much of their annuals, and their gardens, ten months out of the twelve, show this all too plainly. Some go to the other extreme and seem to concentrate on reforestation. I know one local resident who has a mania for planting trees, and usually not more than two feet apart,—trees for the background, trees for the borders and trees for the edging plants. Every few years the jungle gets too dense for traffic and she is forced to clear the whole ruthlessly, beginning again,—of course with trees.

My story is getting too long, but the moral is: The Monterey pine is not a good bedding plant and trailing Lobelia is never satisfactory as a wind-break.

FRIEND OF THE FAIRIES

by MAEEL DODGE

It is not likely that there is anyone so familiar with the Irish literary movement as Ella Young, who is giving a lecture on Irish Drama at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the evening of the eighth of March. She was one of that group of fabulous, far-away figures—Standish, Yeats, O'Grady, "A. E.," George Moore, Edward Martyn, Maud Gonne, Synge, Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum, and others.

She was there when they first tried out the plays, even taking small parts in them herself. She was in the midst of that tempestuous and exciting period in Ireland that saw the birth of a new thing in the world. It is to be hoped that she will relate with her slightly caustic humor how she first met Willie Yeats and what Russell told her of the mystic things that happened to him before he became too sensible. The inside story of George Moore's cook—and the tale about his green door—she must tell these!

What she will not, or perhaps cannot tell though, is about her own mysterious personality.

Here is one clearly related to the leprechauns and the djinns, it seems. Here is one who believes in the fairies. She believes so strongly in the fairies that she convinces others about them. One evening she was lecturing to an extremely sophisticated audience in Santa Fe. Behind her sat Mary Austin, raking the faces before her for possible smiles—ready to deal with them—for she suspected what Ella Young might tell and she feared what might happen. But it didn't! Ella Young so entranced those listeners—who had heard all other things—with the Fairy Folk, that at the end one world-worn painter rose and asked wistfully: "Miss Young, can you tell us any technique one might employ to develop the faculty for seeing fairies?" But Ella Young only smiled mysteriously and shook her head. Then another artist rose:

"I think perhaps we don't have fairies here very much," he said, it is so dry." Even Mary Austin herself smiled at that. By race Ella Young is Irish. That is saying a good deal to begin with. But beyond the accident of *locale*—she is one of the very few of those who are dwellers in two worlds: and is equally at home in each. This makes her seem to most people to have a strangeness that is indefinable and unreadable. Only to her companions in the "*au dela*" she appears to be of one mind and one heart with themselves.

Nearly everyone is familiar, of course,

with her books, "Celtic Wonder Tales," "The Wonder-Smith and His Son," and last to appear, the miraculous rendering of the Fionn saga, "The Tangle-Coated Horse."

Let whoever comes to hear her talk be ready to encounter a most unusual personality.

THE SMALLMAN CHOIR

The third concert of the Carmel Music Society series at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Saturday evening last, was an event of more than usual enjoyment. It was a very great accomplishment, this organization of many voices into unity, and it is not often done in America to such perfection. Mr. Smallman has proved, however, that it can be done.

From the first tones of the beautiful Palestrina "Gloria in Excelsis," one felt the presence of pure harmony, that warm presence which lifts the heart. The same quality is felt in great cathedrals where the air is tender with the worship of ages.

It is strange that in the presence of great beauty one loses the sense of criticism. There is only openness and acceptance. All other things fade out. It was with a deep gratefulness that we listened to the interwoven fabric of the Bach numbers, so masterly in performance that we forgot how difficult they were till we were reminded afterwards. No one could listen to the Motet for Double Choir and deny that the human voice has potentialities which are seldom realized, even by composers.

Clear-cut and crisp, the folk-songs added joy and simplicity to the program. They were sung with the spirit of the soil. The Wassail Song was particularly memorable.

But nowhere was the depth of tone so evident as in the Russian prayer, "Gospodi Pomilui." It was as if one heard the changing undercurrents of great waters. Imperceptibly the color would change, then the light, then the position. It was almost visible. It was an experience in sound, a familiarity with sound, such as one seldom has the good fortune to hear.

The two negro numbers, with Ruth Somerindyke's obligatos, lost only that inimitable abandon of the negro—that underlying sadness which makes real negro singing touch the heart. This cannot be imitated, for it is a quality of the blood.

It seemed to us not to matter how crudely the singers were dressed, nor how nor how much one would have liked to see them dressed otherwise. The thing was that they sang, and when they sang we forgot the world.

D. H.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH ELLA YOUNG

After two years' absence the Irish poet, Ella Young, has returned to Carmel and though she has been in such places as Taos, Sante Fe and Halycon in the interval, she still admires our town. We interviewed her about it.

"Have you noticed many changes in Carmel since you were here two years ago, Miss Young?"

"I notice with satisfaction that it has contrived to keep its trees. In many other places trees are butchered to make way for houses, but here the houses slip in between the trees and manage to look as if they had always been there."

"Yes, but about the people here?"

"As yet I've had time to see only a few of my old friends, but I've managed to see Mary Young-Hunter's new posters

and Robinson Jeffers' magnificently completed circle of tree stump fencing, and John O'Shea's pictures. My thoughts had been on John O'Shea's pictures for quite a long while, ever since I heard he had been to the South Sea Islands and painted demon bananas and magical rose and purple fishes. And the pictures were more marvelous and magical than I had imagined them."

"I hear you've been having a great time in the desert since you were here."

"Yes, I've been seeing the Indian ceremonial dances and learning as much as I could of the ways of the Sacred Mountain and the Taos Indians at the foot of it. Tony and Mabel Lujan, at whose house I stayed, helped me to hear some very old Indian songs and took me to a council meeting where very few people ever get in."

"Did you lecture when you were in Taos?"

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"No, but I gave, by request, several talks in Sante Fe on the Irish Theatre and on Irish poets and the Gaelic story-tellers."

"How did those Sante Fe people listen?"

"Well, I think they listened with very great sympathy. It was a very great pleasure to talk to Sante Fe people. And as I talked in their houses, it was interesting to me to see the adobe houses they lived in, with thick, mud-plastered walls, that made me think of a little village I knew in Ireland that had mud-plastered walls."

"We've heard so much about the climate and the altitude of New Mexico. Did you notice anything special about it?"

"Well, one thing I noticed was that it seemed to rain every day, but the poets and artists of that place never complained of the rain. They said, 'Have you seen the silver rain?' or 'Have you seen the golden rain?' or 'The rainbow tintured rain?' and these epithets aroused my curiosity to such a pitch that I felt I had to go out and look at every rain that came lest I should miss one of the gorgeous colored ones."

"Tell me something about this last book of yours. Where did you write 'The Tangle-Coated Horse'?"

"I wrote it at Halycon, in California."

"Do you think America has had any influence on your writing?"

"I think it has speeded up the rhythms of my prose, and the bigness of the country has given a bigness of swing to it."

"What particular aspects of the Irish literary movement are you going to tell about in your lecture at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening?"

"Chiefly its first beginnings—its several first beginnings. Its first failures and its first successes and also some of those happenings both on the stage and behind the scene, of which more sober chroniclers are perhaps ignorant."

"Are you writing anything now? We have heard you have a long poem coming out in San Francisco. Is this true?"

"Yes, Jonck & Seegar, San Francisco printers, are making a really beautiful book out of it, I think. I am glad they are doing it, for they always do such beautiful books."

"When will it be out?"

"I'm expecting to get a copy almost any day. It is called 'An Epistle.'"

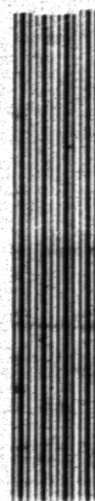
"What is your method of work? Do you write regularly?"

"No, to tell the truth, I write with a regular irregularity, which after all is the most you can expect from anyone born in Ireland."

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MAX EASTMAN IN CARMEL

BY MABEL DODGE LUJAN

The customary idea of a revolutionary is of one who is hard, intense, ruthless and decisive. Max Eastman seems to have none of these characteristics to those who have only a slight acquaintance with him. Yet he is one of the people who have remained consistently subversive and intolerant of social injustice ever since he became formed in this mold by his wife, Ida Rauh, many years ago she fired the mold and it set. Eastman seems to be a large, easy, flowing, almost fluidic person but his fluidity has the force of a wave that breaks in violence against an obstacle. His energy rolls slowly in him but those who know him best, have seen it gather and hurl itself in fury.

And it seems as though he has something of the strength of the sea in him, that is bound by law as the sea is, and does as it must do. He is revolutionary *malgre lui*.

But his personality, judged apart from the direction given to his spirit when he was going, is fluid. He is of the water people. His natural affinities are with the fish. He himself wrote a poem called "The Aquarium," where he identified himself with the fish in utmost sympathy and said what funny looking things people were always looking in on them. One feels that he understands fish better than birds, even better than people. He wants to swim. He wants to return to Carmel and live here a while and swim. One will perhaps see his tall figure on the beach moving with a roll that is just not quite a slouch, his head white-crested like a wave—his head that has somewhat the look of a figure head on a ship, as many of the northern men, Norwegians, Danes, and Finns, have. Eastman published "The New Masses" in New York during the three or four years preceding the War. It was the gayest revolutionary sheet ever thrown in people's faces. Its weapon was laughter. It made capitalism seem ridiculous and it made fun of all the sacred taboos of the System. But it made people think—even furiously. It was a little bit of heaven in the community, and it was an outlet for the pieces and poems of some of the best known artists and writers—the bits that were refused by the

TO MAX EASTMAN
BY JOHN REED

There was a man, who, loving quiet beauty best
yet could not rest.
Attuned to the majestic rhythm of whirling suns,
That chimes and runs
Through happy stillness—birth in the dawn, and stark
Love in the dark;
The unconquerable semen of the world, that mounts and sings
Through endless springs,
And the dumb death-like sleep of winter-withered hill
That warms life still;
There was a man, who, lov-ing quiet beauty best,
Yet could not rest
For the harsh moaning of unhappy humankind,
Fettered and blind—
Too driven to know beauty and too hungry-tired
To be inspired.
From this high, windy-peaceful hill, he stumbled down
Into the town,
With a child's eyes, clear bitterness, and silver scorn
Of the outworn
And cruel mastery of life by senile death;
And with his breath
Fanned up the noble fires that smoulder in the breast
Of the oppressed.
What guerdon, to forswear for dust and smoke and this
The high-souled bliss
Of poets in walled gardens, finely growing old,
Serene and cold?
A vision of new splendor in the human scheme—
A god-like dream—
And a new lilt of happy trumpets in the strange
Clangor of Change!

sedate publications.

For several years before the war there was "a Feeling" in the air that something was going to happen. A turn over was coming. A change was imminent. Naturally the radicals believed the System was about to be overthrown and that Blood was going to flow in the streets of New York.

A great storm brooded over the planet but it broke differently from the way many people hoped. It swooped down into the hearts of the War Lords and broke over the heads of the innocents. The radicals were out of luck. They were forgotten. Blood flowed—indeed it flowed—but the wrong arteries were broken. It seemed to the revolutionists like one of God's bad jokes.

However, light broke over Russia and they hastened to that rainbow's end. But when they saw there, what a Revolution really was, many of them were extremely surprised. They were tossed into that maelstrom and when they were thrown up out of it they had been converted into peaceful citizens by the shak-

ing; not all of them, only the older ones. Some of them came out of Russia jubilant. Lincoln Steffens and Max Eastman were among these. John Reed, too, but he went out of it at the glad end—dying there.

It may be said that Max Eastman married into the Russian Revolution. He married a girl named Eliena Krylenko and brought her back to New York two years ago.

Now he is lecturing from one end of America to the other, telling great audiences all that happened over there. He has just finished a History of the Russian Revolution for the movies, made up of the actual films taken on the spot during the course of events. He has cut and pasted together the vital parts of one of the most astounding things of modern times—a moving, living, story of life while it was happening. Even the Great War with all its embellishments, conveniences and prestige has not been able to show itself like this. This is a step ahead even of Capital. Those laugh best who laugh last!

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THE CARMELITE

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J. A. COUGHLIN

Editor and Publisher

ERNEST LYONS

Associate Editor

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

DOROTHY Q. BASSETT

AUGUST C. MAHR

RICHARD BUHLIG

ANNE MARTIN

JOAN A. BURKE

ANNE NASH

HENRY COWELL

LINCOLN STEFFENS

DENE DENNY

HAZEL WATROUS

ADOLF GENTHE

ELLA WINTER

DORA HAGEMeyer

EDWARD WESTON

STANLEY WOOD

The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BROAD VIEW OF
CIVIC AFFAIRS

To the Editor of
THE CARMELITE:

Carmel has been trying to escape the tawdriness and ugliness of civic affairs in the average small town. It wants its civic work reduced to a minimum, not allowed to take a commanding position. Although our political system is the same as that of five thousand other small towns in America, civic government and the ideals of the community are different things. The only real thing about Carmel's groping toward self-government and the preservation of its magical charm is idealism.

Town government is part of a nationwide necessity that recognizes no individuality, no right of any community to be free from its restraint. We are already saddled with the civic system; the fact is that we must as individuals strengthen our ideals and tolerate our civic necessities.

If we must fight politics, with politics, let us do so keeping in mind that we are struggling for something greater than political victory. Let us select our candidates remembering that a government or a council is no stronger in character than the individuals who compose it. Then perhaps we may be able to relegate our system to its proper obscurity in this city's affairs.

Yours, etc.

CIVITAS

"CARMELITE" OR
"CARMELAN"

(From a letter to the Editor, in which the writer suggests the substitution of "Carmelan" for "Carmelite" as a label for residents of Carmel.)

I never did like this unhappily-chosen name of "Carmelite" as divorced from its origin and applied indiscriminately to the citizens of Carmel.

"Carmelite" is a sacred name belonging to a religious order of mendicant monks, who lived practically without homes, without money, wore simple raiment, and went bare-footed and much without food, as, driven from Mount Carmel, they found asylum in Cyprus and there, still persecuted, lived in poverty and prayer. Its other modern use is as applied to the spiritual order of self-renunciation nuns of Saint Theresa. To say the least, its appropriation by us of heterogeneous and secular ideals is most unfitting; in no way is it applicable to the luxurious and less-devoted life of the present. On the other hand, "Carmelan" is far more beautiful, more euphonic, more philological, as applied to a citizen of our versatile and lovely Carmel. Every other Spanish name, of city or country of note, as applied and used by lovers of the beautiful, follows this splendid derivation. We say American, Californian, San Franciscan. Why do we hold to "Carmelite," which is either a misappropriation or, in some instances, a term of ridicule, as for instance, "the Carmelish woman." Let us discard our inappropriate use of "Carmelite." Let us claim for ourselves, by adoption, the very beautiful name of "Carmelan."

TRAINING vs. EXPERIENCE

(In continuation of recent correspondence in these columns.)

To the Editor of
THE CARMELITE:

Training, my dear Mr. "Experience," and you, Mr. Genthe, is something a genius may do without. *Et encore!* And we are not all of us geniuses. *Il s'en faut de beaucoup!* After all, up to these last years, all the English writers were university trained, and there was the magnificent English political tradition.

Of course, in America experience is The God! There is a member of my family, on whom I used to build great hopes, who has chosen to worship it. But—a change is coming: the new Liberal political party is the rebellion of the trained man against the self-made one. It may fail now; it must ultimately triumph, if this country is to fulfill its destiny.

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Carmel is the worst offender of all, perhaps. A most worthy man who knew how to tidy a garden and dig up a tree is given the title of "landscape gardener." A young English girl, who has been at a foreign university for her freshman year, is said to have been devoting herself to research, *und so weiter!* Values cease to have any weight.

Yours, etc.

YVONNE K. NAVAS-REY

WHITHER, CARMEL?

by JOHN BATHEN

We did rise in wrath
against Cheeney and the paving
a modern town of California
Spanish in effect
that someone seemed to want.

We rose in holy wrath
man, woman and child
and now
architectural conformity
is trying
to work around another way.

Modernity proclaims
"You shall have boulevards
You shall invite and carry
those car-tramps through."

Think of them whizzing by
our Scenic Drive
our Point Lobos,
our Cypress Point
not stopping to revere,
just, whizzing by.

Far better that we dig trenches across
make them break their springs.
Between profanity and rolling perspiration
when drying running brow,
when straightening an aching back,
then, may it be
that even he
will catch a little glimpse
of our love, Carmel.

Architectural conformity between
the Mona Mona shop and La Espanol
I fail to see.
Where is it in the group of Golden Bough
or in the James house?
And those are the memories
that friends of Carmel remember
that friends are coming back to,
friends, we do want back.

It was far better
when we had but shacks.
They were such evident expressions
of times of pioneering,
when money was not here,
for the frills of today.

The visitors that rave
they rave about the Mona Monas
they rave about the James'
they rave about Point Lobos.
They never rave about the Espanol
The first are individual creations
the latter imitations.

La Espanol here in Carmel
they represent a wealth
the equal of which or more
can be found in Santa Barbara
Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Carmel, let us rise in wrath
against architectural conformity
Don't let us, let it
make us another Spanish habit.

Second in a series of three

Let's See Now . . .

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

A theory that has come down to us from Plato and the Greeks is that an aristocracy would produce good government. We have had all sorts of aristocracies; we have had government by kings, nobles, priests, gentlemen, business men and labor unions, but we have never had good government. The Bostonians of today, charging their evils to democracy and especially to the foreigners among them, say "just among ourselves" that educational and property qualifications which would limit the voters to us nice people would set everything right. My observations there led me to the perception that the Brahmins of Boston and their associates in business were the sources of their corruption, and so on to the opposite theory that that city would be improved by the disfranchisement of all property owners and college graduates. And other cities, states and nations have rather confirmed that tentative hypothesis. The facts against Plato are fierce, but the good old theory of the better people that the best should govern to the satisfaction of all good citizens hangs on like a lie. The aristocratic excuse for its failure so far is that we have never had a real aristocracy.

Tested before and found wanting, it might be well to try the theory again; and consciously this time, with all the world watching, with a will to learn. And Carmel is the place. This village is a real aristocracy. The people here are not rich, neither are they seeking riches. They are moderately well-to-do. There is no taint of plutocracy about Carmel. They are people who have done all their dirty work elsewhere and, finished with it, they have retired with their little loot (their capital) to this pleasant little heaven on earth to live happy ever after without having to cheat, or work, or steal. They are not idlers; they potter about busily in their gardens, in music, among their books, with painting. True, some of them eke out their unearned incomes by playing the stock market, a little; speculating in lots and land, a little; others run little, pretty art shops and a few keep stores of staples, and offices, professional and real estate. There are no big business men here, no politicians and no Labor; only enough workers to do our work for us. And even these workers are bourgeois, in the main. There is but one class here, and that is the best class. In brief—Carmel is a perfect community for our

scientific purpose. All the voters here have the time, the intelligence, the ideals and the disinterestedness to make a laboratory test of this ancient and honorable theory of politics and government. And they have an incentive to action, to experimentation. There are no great evils here. There is graft, but it is so small that the grafters themselves cannot see it. There is some hitch, however. Things don't move with any open assurance, candor, life. There is discontent, therefore; just about enough for our high purpose. There is the universal human desire and the typical need to do something about it. There is, let me say, a beautiful place to keep beautiful as it grows. And, last, but very much to the point: there is an election on.

If I were the managing editor of a great magazine or of a string of daily newspapers, I would "cover" this Carmel election as a national event, no, as an international, an historical, event. It might justify a cultural superstition of long standing, or failing that, it might show why it is that all wars, revolutions, economic upheavals and stock panics, Nature tends to scrap the great middle class, the backbone of the nations.

* * *

The habit of the press to treat Carmel as a joke is a joke on the press. Carmel is no joke. Carmel is very serious, almost a tragic reduction to weeping absurdity of man's belief in heaven and in the chosen people who go there.

* * *

Comes a letter in line with all this from a good actor, a good neighbor, a good citizen who starts out all right and ends where the world ends:

My dear Steffens,

I admire you, I admire your style—and I have since the days when you put "Everybody's Magazine" on the map as the best seller. But I don't, and won't, agree with you on the land question (see current issue of *The Carmelite*).

Let a man own a piece of land—his very own—and you start him on the road to good citizenship. Suppose he sells it and makes a little money—you and I and the devil himself won't turn down a profit, now will we? We have to eat.

After I read Blatchford's "Merrie England," I became a red-hot Socialist. After reading Bellamy's "Duke of Stockbridge" and his exposition of Shay's Rebellion showing the iniquities that the original Constitution of our country allowed the aristocrats and money class to put over on the

plebians, I regretted I was born so late. I longed to have been one of that Irishman's farmers and take a shot at a few bankers.

But after digesting Bellamy's "Looking Backward," in which the government owned everything, even the people's thoughts, I decided perfect Socialism would be a horribly dull life; and after a century or two of it, I feared that descendants would have a look in their eyes such as you see in the peace-loving, gentle, and unambitious cow.

FRANK SHERIDAN

It was Tom Lawson with his "Frenzied Finance" who put "Everybody's Magazine" on the map. But never mind details. What I am interested in is to read from an Irishman that a land-owner is a good citizen. That was not true of the English land-owners of Ireland, was it? As for the profit on the sale of a lot: Why can't we take it and still see that it is a graft, pleasant, legal, moral, but unearned money just the same. No use discussing socialism any more: that theory is being tried out in Russia the while we here are trying out aristocracy in Carmel and capitalism in the United States. The day of argument is over; the world has passed on to the age of experimentation. We have only to wait, watch and—see. See? We do not have to reason or even eat, as every veteran actor knows by experiment.

MONTEREY TRAIL

RUTH CLAY PRICE

I long to follow the Monterey trail:
To startle the roadrunner and the quail,
Where yerba buena interlaces
In half shaded forest spaces:

To press my feet in the piney turf,
Cliff-high above the reaching surf.
I long to follow the Monterey trail:
Where tapestried mountains are silvered-frail

By fog that drenches the chaparral
With the distant tar-weeds pungent smell;

and wind ever rattles the pods of seed,
Sun-dried on the low-growing-loco weed.

Where the sea is spread like a peacock's tail,

I long to follow the Monterey trail.

* * *

Ruth Clay Price was here in 1911. Her verse, written today, might include—as our friendly rival had it last week—a few "ice-plants" alongside the concrete highway, a number of pine stumps, and very little chance of finding any yerba buena.

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PICKING UP A FEW "STRANDS"

by FRANK SHERIDAN

When I am asked, as I am frequently, "Do you want John to be an actor?" I look at the speaker short and sharp like my Yankee answer of, "Why not, if he wishes to be?"

I was sixty years old last June. In September I had been forty-eight years on the stage, and I wish I had forty-eight years before me as enjoyable as the past lot.

While going to grammar school I played my first part, with the old Boston Theatre Stock Company. That company and the Boston Museum Company were the two great companies of the country in that day.

In passing, I might remark that the Museum part of the Boston Museum building had some relics, engravings, and wax figures to give the good church-going New Englander an excuse to go to the theatre. To visit a museum meant education—but to go to "that home of the devil," the theatre, meant damnation.

I did not become an actor at twelve unprepared. My father's first cousin, whom I called "Uncle Bill," was one of the great actors of the English-speaking stage, William E. Sheridan, whose *King Lear*, *Louis XI* and *Shylock* still stand out in the minds of those who saw them as the finest performances of those parts. California loved him, and Australia worshiped him—even erecting a monument to him after his death. My mother was an excellent actress—an amateur only—and had several offers to become a professional. Under the tuition of mother and "Uncle Bill," I was able to look somewhat better than a gawk, and speak like a real boy in my first professional part. I played two parts before I went to a military academy; finished there at sixteen and then back to the stage again with the full consent and encouragement of my parents.

I wanted to be an actor. I became an actor. I had hard knocks. I had joyous times. I've gone hungry. I've feasted like Lucullus. I've given clothes away out of my abundance and I've had leaky shoes, and summer clothing to cover me in zero weather. I've been stranded all over the country—BUT, I've never "walked the ties." I have always left the town I went broke in "riding on plush."

My life as an actor has never been dull. We couldn't be real honest-to-goodness actors and be gloomy for more than a few hours. If we amounted to anything in our profession, or had the makings of an actor, we were at heart, no

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matter what our age, children—just play boys and girls. We were serious in one thing only, our work. To be a good actor requires study and retention of the subject. I don't mean study of "lines"; I mean study of humans: of the lawyers, judges, prisoners, and juries in court-rooms; of the longshoreman, the financier, the scrub-woman and the *grande dame*. Study them and tuck away for future use what you see and hear.

Many a night after the play, I've sat with Judge Barstow Weeks in Jefferson Market Night Court watching the nightly haul come up for trial. A just judge was Weeks: a judge who didn't try a sinner by the printed law. He didn't put a slip in the same class as a fall, and he believed if a fall brought a broken limb, that the limb could be healed. I learned much about people from Barstow Weeks.

If my boy wants to be an actor—and he seems bent that way—I'll say, "Go to it, John; work hard and you'll get a lot of fun out of life."

* * *

One of the most enjoyable of an actor's remembrances is the "strands" he's had. How we would laugh over them and brag how we used our ingenuity to get back to Broadway.

I've had them, Coast to Coast, Canada to the Gulf, and, strange to say, in my case, just when every door was locked and no "out" anywhere, some nice fairy rang up the curtain on a beautiful palace set.

A good example of that was my first starring tour. The play was a comedy, "My Wife's Family." The manager was experienced and resourceful, if nothing else. That chap could stretch two hundred dollars to look like two thousand. All he had to put the show on the road was two hundred dollars. He told and convinced me that he had unlimited resources.

Our opening was at Elizabeth, New Jersey: forty-cent fare. We played to nothing, but Charlie borrowed from the local manager to get us to the next town, Reading, Pennsylvania. It was always a mystery to me how he made that touch, for it was one of H. R. Jacobs' managers, a tough bunch from which to get even a postage stamp.

We played to big business for "Three Night and Matinee" in Reading. We really had a good play and a company of production actors, all broke and ready to take a chance.

We played from November to "in and out" business—more out than in—but we were eating, and that was a lot. We also get enough to pay for laundry, a little tobacco and beer after the show. I ask you, wasn't that the life of a king?

You can't even tie it today with that one-half of one per cent.

Along in March we went flat in Manchester, New Hampshire. Morton—Charles Morton, the manager—was at the end of his rope. We got enough together to send the women back to New York. A few of the men, seeing what was in sight, had sent for money and they bowed out. Morton, Arthur Larkin, whom Frohman imported to play "Charley's Aunt," and myself talked the landlord into a Christian spirit. The fare to Boston was one dollar; we took the afternoon train.

That evening I dropped in at the Castle Square Theatre and an hour later I dropped out with a contract that called for me to get a hundred and fifty a week as leading man. It happened that Jack Gilmore had turned in his notice just before I entered the theatre. The management knew me and I started to rehearse the next day. At noon I made the usual "touch," which let Morton and Larkin get away to New York on the five o'clock train. That will give you a slant on the quick turns that make up an actor's career.

The second installment of Mr. Sheridan's narrative will appear next week.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

by BLANCHE TOLMIE

It was only a decade ago that the junior circle of the Drama League gave its first performance of a play. Today there is almost a universal demand for drama for children.

We cannot much longer shut our eyes to the fact that the majority of children are fed drama quite unfitted to their tender years. Hence the crying need for a children's theatre, given over entirely or in part to the dramatic needs of the child.

"But," someone said to me the other day, "If you have a children's school of the theatre, why do we not hear more about it? What are you doing? Are the children interested enough to warrant establishing a theatre?"

My answer was, "Come with me; see the children at work, but do not let them see you watching. They must feel they are alone, working out their own problems."

Through their own experience they are finding out what the theatre is, how they may express themselves in it, and develop their imagination through it.

What are those tiny tots doing, talking so seriously?

They are planning a play. You see Shim

happened to knock against a large screen in such a way as to make a noise like thunder, and immediately he suggested making a thunder play, so they are working it out. Listen for a moment.

Pete: "I'll be a tree . . . and when you make thunder I'll sway and fall down."

Shim: "Yes, trees always blow down when the thunder comes."

Madeline: "I'll be a flower that opens up after the tree falls down and the thunder stops."

Allen: "I'll be the sunshine, and then I'll go to sleep and all the flowers will go to sleep."

Allen: "I'll be a flower, too, after I've been the thunder, and I'll fold up when the sun goes to sleep. Some flowers fold up very slowly after the sun goes to sleep, you see, like this."

Allen: "But I want to be the tree, Pete, and you can be the sunshine."

Pete: "No, you be the sunshine because you are all golden . . . and next time I'll be the sunshine. Go to sleep, now, Allen."

* * *

What are some of the other children doing?

One class is making a play from a Japanese legend.

"Did they really dramatize the play themselves?"

"Yes, they took the plot from an old legend and it has gradually developed into a very short play, which they plan to give informally some Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, all this takes time, but they are not striving to imitate, to be parrots, but to develop their own creative faculties, to know how to use their voices, their bodies; to discover for themselves the inner meaning of what they wish to express. Of course, we do not hope to develop these things in a few lessons, it is a matter of growth, and the children's theatre is growing."

* * *

Then there are the Girl Scouts, rehearsing their play with great joy. Willing to work for the play as a whole, to take any part that seems best for the play.

Some are actors, others dancers, under the direction of Miss Allen, and others are prompting, helping in any way that is needful.

Eventually, I hope, the children's theatre will be self-dependent, having classes in dancing, color design, costumes, lighting—all the things that pertain to the theatre—but in the meantime we are alive. We are growing and hoping to develop that most precious gift of the gods—imagination.

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The Theatre

By ADOLPH GENTHE

Last week, at Santa Barbara, the Moroni Olsen Players gave their final performance of the "Makropoulos Secret," after a two months tour of the cities of the West and North-west which by all accounts seems to have been a veritable triumphal progress. Now they have "jumped" back to headquarters in Salt Lake City, and will immediately begin making the circuit of the same cities with their third and last play of this season, Philip Barry's charming "White Wings."

Those who attended "Twelve Thousand" at the Golden Bough early this winter may feel a bit miffed that Carmel has been passed up by this excellent organization in respect to its other two plays of this season. I have made a few inquiries regarding this, eliciting a very simple explanation. The number of people who saw "Twelve Thousand," as fine a production as has ever visited Carmel, was three hundred sixty-eight; the number who recently saw the pretty pretty picture "Sally" in the same theatre was over eighteen hundred! The average audience at the successful Kuster play seasons of 1926 and 1927 was seven hundred. The Golden Bough managers, poorer by several hundred dollars for having brought "Twelve Thousand" to us, tell me that two hundred fifty additional people would have enabled them to break even.

I mention "Sally" only to demonstrate that there are more than enough people here within theatre-going distance to supply an audience of seven hundred for a first stage production playing two nights. The Golden Bough suggests that half this number now show their interest and good faith by guaranteeing their support to four out of seven of the plays. Thus to meet the theatre management less than half way is a simple and easy solution of the present impasse regarding stage drama.

Reginald Travers has not yet overcome all difficulties in regard to the new Players Guild Theatre opening in San Francisco. If persistence still wins the day, however, he is soon due for victory over obstacles almost incredible in number and kind. I will take much pleasure in announcing his opening date.

Irving Pichel gave up San Francisco as a bad job, as well he might, and as Maurice Browne, Sam Hume and many another has done before him. But despite

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official concessions made on paper, no one need envy Mr. Pichel his new position as re-instated director at the Lobero in Santa Barbara. You may drive a horse to water but you can't make him drink, runs the adage; and the high-hat oligarchy of the Community Arts Association didn't guarantee their director any casts at the time they surrendered their right to meddle in his productions. I hear—though not from Mr. Pichel himself—that no little difficulty is being met with in the making up of a casting list.

The New York Theatre Guild is reviving "R.U.R." at its Martin Beck Theatre, declaring that when first produced it was "a play ahead of its time." Now, with a hundred and forty thousand members of the American Federation of Musicians clamoring against mechanical music in the theatres and over the radio, and with various and sundry other demonstrations on foot against the Mechanical Age, the Capek play seems more timely. It is said at its production in 1926 in anachronistic Carmel, hardly half the audience knew that there is a Machine Age.

We hear that Morris Ankrum, who played so successfully the role of the hunted negro in O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" a few years ago, has consented to enact the part of the runaway convict in Galsworthy's "Escape" this coming summer, when the Golden Bough season is in swing. Though escape and capture are the theme of both plays, Galsworthy's masterpiece allows for an almost infinite variety of moods, with little of the abject terror obsessing the black "Emperor" created by O'Neill. Mr. Ankrum's performance should be most interesting; and the production, in nine swiftly-changing scenes will be a test of local stagecraft.

Carmel Playhouse, done over to the queen's taste, will soon re-open with the recital of Paul McCoolle, the distinguished young American pianist. But what interests me at this moment is that the house is to be equipped with the new indirect footlights. Instead of exposing actors to the harsh direct glare of a row of lamps, with the ugly and unnatural effects so much decried, the new idea is to concentrate the light from unseen lamps upon a long band of metal painted with a white diffusing pigment. This light, reflected onto the actors from floor level, is said to bring about a pleasing "naturalness" to facial contours. The system appears to have been used for a number of years in modern German theatres and to have given complete satisfaction.

The Screen

by THE OUTSIDER

Saw Wilson Mizner's "Brown Derby" crowded with celebrities, and near such. Mizner started the "Brown Derby" on a shoe-string and ran it up to an overwhelming bank-roll, then sold it to a stock company for another heroic-sized wad of currency. "Bill" frequently visits his brother, Addison, who has a ranch up Carmel Valley, and his sister, Ysobel Chase, of Rebble Beach.

* * *

Saw Sue Carol, who told me she is rehearsing in "Those Who Dance." She has left Fox for Warner Brothers.

* * *

Something stronger than rumor has it that a number of the directors of certain Jewish charities in New York have come to the front for William Fox with many millions to put him on his financial feet again. This is in appreciation of the work he has done and the money he has given to charities there in the past.

* * *

Harold Lloyd is preparing to do another "talkie"—an original. It will be a story having a lot to do with the sea. He plans to spend about two million dollars on it, and from what I have seen of the story and plans, he may spend more.

* * *

Pathe will discontinue program pictures and make only "specials" and short subjects from now on.

* * *

"Clancy in Wall Street" (Edward Small Company): Charley Murray has put over a box-office winner in this. He, and Lucian Littlefield as a Scotchman, are funny. It's worth seeing.

* * *

"Lovin' the Ladies" (R.-K.-O.): Richard Dix is always good, sometimes excellent. He plays a plumber in this wild farce and is as good as the mixture permits. If you like Dix, you'll like this. Allan Kearns was the best laugh-maker.

* * *

"The Sacred Flame": Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Weak as a starring vehicle for Pauline Frederick, but not as weak as Conrad Nagel, who plays the son. He was entirely ineffectual. Lila Lee stood out. Archie

Mayo deserves much credit for the direction.

* * *

"Second Choice" (Warner Brothers) Dolores Costello and Chester Morris have the principal parts in this, with Jack Mulhall ranking next in importance. Morris, as usual, took first honors. Mulhall was excellent.

"Mysterious Island" (M.-G.-M.) featuring Lionel Barrymore: We all know Jules Verne's book, and his submarine fantasy. This film is a lot of diving—bottom of the sea—"under-sea men," monsters and such. It is advertised as "all color, sound and dialogue." There is a little sound, but hardly any dialogue. Big cast with little to do.

* * *

"The Circle" (M.-G.-M.): Another Maugham play, "The Lady Who Dared"

made over into a "talkie." It is, as one critic remarked, "a film only for those adults who love an exposition of distorted ethics."

The cast is a notable one, but I have never seen Lewis Stone in poorer form. Ernest Torrence was ill at ease and over-acted atrociously. Paul Cavanaugh was easily the best, as the cave-man for whom the daring lady would sacrifice everything.

* * *

"Sarah and Son" (Paramount): Ruth Chatterton and Frederick March starring. Don't miss this one; it's one of the outstanding "talkies" of the season.

What an artist is Ruth Chatterton. See her in this and see her best performance to date. March and the remainder of the company give a well-balanced and sincere performance.



That anyone may talk with anybody anywhere at any time

IT IS part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else.

Expressed in telephones, wire, cable, switchboards, central offices, trained personnel it means an incredible expenditure of effort and a huge investment of savings of the public. In a single year the Bell System makes an outlay, for new plant and service improvements, of more than 550 million dollars.

This is to make the telephone daily more convenient for you.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

ELECTION NOTICES

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

NOTICE

Public notice is hereby given that an election will be held on March 10, 1930, to elect two Trustees for the Carmel Sanitary District for the term of two years and an Assessor for said District. The election will be held at the Triangle Realty Company, on Dolores Street, between Seventh and Eighth, and the polls will be open from the hours of 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Election officers are as follows: Inspector, F. O. Robbins. Judge, Clare Leidig; Clerk, Kathryn Overstreet.

By order,
CARMEL SANITARY BOARD,
Henry F. Dickinson, Secretary.

NOTICE OF ELECTION
FOR
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TRUSTEE
(Section 2.873, School Code)

NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of Sunset Elementary School District of Monterey County, California, that the Annual Election for School Trustee will be held on March 28, 1930, at Sunset School.

There will be one Trustee to elect for three years.

The polls will be open between the hours of 12 o'clock M. and 6:00 o'clock P.M.

The officers appointed to conduct the election are: Norman T. Reynolds, Inspector. Florence Very Wilson, Judge. Edna M. Sheridan, Judge.

HESTER HALL SCHOENINGER,
FREDERICK BIGLAND,
CLARA N. KELLOGG, (Clerk)

Trustees, Sunset School District.
February 24, 1930

Small Advertisements . . .

FOR RENT—From April first, furnished house, two-car garage, large garden under gardener's care; unexcelled view of Carmel Bay. Address Owner, P. O. Box 944, Carmel.

FOR SALE, pine chiffonier, 6x9 velvet rug, perfect condition; small mahogany desk. Very reasonable. Telephone Carmel 616.

JAZZ piano lessons; reasonable prices. Studio at Twelfth and Lincoln. Appointment by telephone. John N. Cabaniss. Telephone Carmel 557.

LADDERS and runs in silk stockings mended invisibly by Mary Dahlman, Box 888, phone 371. Work recommended by Carmel residents.

WANTED, by adults, at reasonable rental, unfurnished house—three bedrooms or two—for long term. No agents. Address A. M., care of The Carmelite.

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE

Phone 15

Day or Night

Between You and Me

By THE LAMP-POST

"Time" of a recent date carried a paragraph on the work of Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds, who spoke in Carmel recently at the home of Dr. Gates. Said the weekly news periodical:

CRIMINAL GLANDS

That every murderer, potential and actual, exhibits over-secretion of the thyroid gland; that every forger exhibits under-secretion of the pituitary gland; that every social misfit displays malsecretion of some gland.

The specificity of these conclusions, made by Ralph Arthur Reynolds, thirty-eight, of San Francisco last week, intrigued doctors and criminologists. Where did he get his data? At California's San Quentin prison where he and Dr. Leo Leonidas Stanley, forty-three, prison physician, discovered that every one of the inmates had some abnormal glandular stigma. Three score they treated by surgery or with glandular extracts. All responded with "surprisingly beneficial" results, suggesting therefore a way of reforming criminals.

Dr. L. L. Stanley is an old friend and research companion of Dr. R. A. Kocher, and he and Dr. Reynolds are going down to the Big Sur prison camp shortly to carry out experiments there.

The importance of these experiments can hardly be over-estimated, whether these specific ones achieve any result or not. Not only for the sake of the criminals (whom people will learn to treat more humanely), but for the sake of society which, with the scientific viewpoint experiments such as these will help establish, will no longer be able to vent its primitive and atavistic sense of revenge on helpless, sick, and mentally unbalanced men and women.

And maybe society will find out what it does punish for. Is punishment a deterrent? is it to satisfy revenge? or for vicarious satisfaction? or to satisfy the sadistic impulse in men? If once we discover for what reason we lock men up for five years, ten years, twenty years, a lifetime—once we discover that we may be able to do it somewhat more scientifically than we do now and choose our victims more scientifically. The following extract from a daily paper illustrates the degree of science and common sense in the punitive measures of the twentieth century:

Three years in Leavenworth Federal penitentiary only made a worse dope addict of William D. Decker, street narcotic peddler, he told United States District Judge Frank H. Kerrigan yesterday.

"I went in with the habit and came out with it. There was plenty of the 'stuff' floating around and it was easy to get." Decker told the court. He pleaded that he be given an opportunity to take a cure and not be sent back to prison.

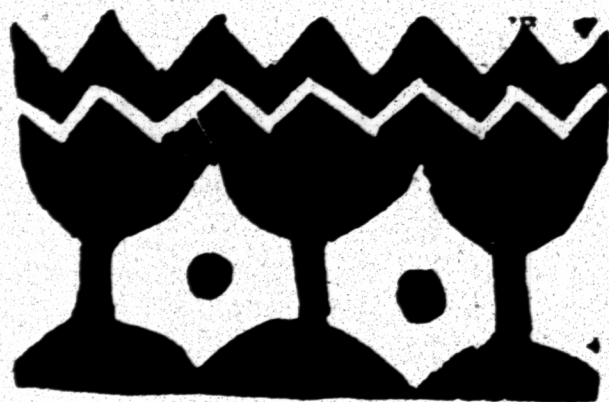
THE CARMELITE, MARCH 5, 1930

Judge Kerrigan sentenced Decker to three years imprisonment in 1926.

"I cannot consider a less sentence than I did at the time of your first offense," the court ruled. "I sentence you to three years and six months in prison."

Dr. Reynolds is also doing another extremely important piece of work. As president of the American Medical Association in Vienna in 1928, he found that a number of American and English doctors and those from other countries, too, wanted to undertake research in certain subjects or learn from the experts and specialists all they knew, in a short time and in English. Certain professors in Vienna have been lecturing in English for some time, but the lectures have not been organized so that post-graduate students in other countries would know when the lectures would be given and how long they would take and so on. And in any case this service was rendered only in medicine and only in Vienna. Dr. Reynolds now proposes to see if the scheme cannot be extended to cover other subjects (including the social sciences) and embrace the chief seats of learning all over Europe. Then the American or Siamese or Chinese student can arrange to go where he can get just what he needs, arrange it before he leaves home, instead of taking a year or two abroad and spending much unnecessary time and money in discovering where the best and that which he particularly wants is to be had.

This ambitious plan, if worked out thoroughly, will be a solution to the problem of education. A reform in universities, colleges, and high schools is needed (as Dr. Ensor recently pointed out; she said that nursery schools have led the way in progressive education but they cannot go much further unless higher education will reform itself.) Dr. Reynolds' plan will stimulate international education—it will be international education of a kind that heretofore only "idealists" and "dreamers" have dared visualize. All that is needed to carry it out now is someone or some persons of means who have the imagination to see what the scheme would mean.



THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

JO SCHOENINGER
BILLY DURNEY

Editor
Associate Editor

The Editors of this page are not responsible for what may appear elsewhere in The Carmelite.

Entered at the Carmel Post Office through the side door.

EDITORIAL

We think that by having this page in The Carmelite, the children will have a chance to express their thoughts and ideas, as the page is devoted entirely to children. We will, under each article, have the name and grade of each child contributing.

The "Lost and Found" Department is for the exclusive use of children, also.

The way to let us know of the thing you have lost or found is to notify the Managing Editor, Bill Durney. Each week we will try to have a book report so you can tell which books you would rather read. The articles, stories and editorials are written each week by children under sixteen years of age. Any child wanting to put in any advertisement of any sort will please see Bill Durney, Managing Editor. Remember that we are always glad to accept comments, criticisms, stories or articles from grammar school children.

J. S.

Any child wishing to write for The Carmelite Junior is asked to do so by seeing the Editor.

WELCOME BACK

The children of Sunset School are very glad to welcome Jane Hopper back after she had quite a serious mastoid operation. She looks as fine as before and will soon resume her duties as secretary of the school Student Body.

Chief Sunset.

WHITE RATS FOR SALE. Get to be very tame and make excellent pets.

They are very nice for both children and grown-ups. Get your rats now, as we only have a few. For inquiry, telephone Carmel 183.

LOST—Two tennis rackets; one is a Red Ribbon, the other is a Davis Cup. Please call 75-J or 183.

WANTED—Good, cheap bicycle that will hold up under hard wear; do not want to pay over fifteen dollars if possible. Address B.M., care of The Carmelite Junior.

THE STUDENT BODY

The Student Body of Sunset School has just elected their new executive board. Their old one consisted of Francis Butler, their old president who has now left Sunset School for New York; Moylan Fox, vice-president; Danny Lockwood, business manager; and Janet Sayers, secretary.

The new board is as follows: Janet Sayers is our new president (and we are sure she will fill the place successfully); Billy Veach is our vice-president; Danny manager, and Jane Hopper is our new secretary.

I am sure that this Executive Board will do as successfully as the last. A class representative is elected from each room. They come to the Executive Board to help discuss the school problems that come up. They are as follows: Eighth Grade, Dorothy Todd; Seventh Grade, Paula Shraps; Fifth Grade, Pat Coblentz, and Spencer Fourth Grade. D.C.L.

BOY SCOUTS

The Carmel Boy Scouts have gotten to work on the headway for their new scout house, as they have never had a real good one of their own. They already have a little over one thousand dollars from outside subscriptions. The total amount that they hope to reach will be two thousand five hundred dollars. The boys will help on the construction of the Scout house by assisting the workmen. Soon they will start on a membership drive to encourage all boys, twelve or over, to join. So let's all help in every way possible.

J. S.

THE MODERN CHILD

A seven-year-old pupil of Sunset School shows how to meet an emergency. She recently found she needed a new lunch ticket which cost one dollar. She saw that her parents were busy, so she found a blank check and made it out to herself. Then she took it to school, where it passed through the cashier's hands and was accepted by the bank. Later the bank discovered it and telephoned her father. Pretty enterprising for a seven-year-old.

J. S.

TENNIS RULES

The tennis rules that have been adopted by the Student Body and Harry Bailey, Traffic Manager are as follows;

(1) The morning recess and noon period are to be set aside for the use of the pupils in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

(2) During the afternoon recess the court will be available for the pupils of the second third fourth and fifth grades.

(3) The high school pupils will not be allowed on the court on school days until after four-thirty in the afternoon, and then the preference should be given to the pupils of Sunset School.

(4) When a game is in session no persons are allowed to go on the court (because it is confusing to the players to have others in their way).

(5) When there are four players on the court and two waiting, two out of three games will be played and the winners shall play the two waiting pupils.

(6) No one is allowed on the court without tennis shoes or shoes with rubber soles and heels.

(7) No singles are to be played when others are waiting.

Harry Bailey

(Chairman of the Traffic Committee)

THE RESCUE

A mother and two children were thrown off of the Carmel River bridge in sacks, quite lately. The mother was lucky enough to land in shallow water, while the two young ones landed on a sand bank. Two boys that were playing nearby heard them crying and hastened to the scene of disaster, so the poor, hungry, tired cats were rescued.

Gordon Darling

(Seventh Grade)

Editor's Note.—We will gladly put in a free advertisement for anybody wishing to get rid of their cats, but please don't kill them.

REVIEW

Square-Rigged, By Jack Calvin. 1929.

This book is written by one of our local writers and is the kind of book that I should think everybody would like. The first time I read it, I was interested clear through. It is about a rather old boy who went to sea on a fishing trip. You are held on edge when the villain attempts to throw him off the rigging. It tells of the kind of voyage that one could take on old fashioned sailing vessels among tough hardened sea men. I highly recommend it to any-

At night I watch each twinkling star,
That twinkles all night long,
And in the morning it goes away,
And sleeps the whole day long.

June Lewis

Announcing Another **P·G·and·E·** Electric Rate Reduction

\$2,400,000.00 Saving to Consumers

Now, electric rates for consumers of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are reduced over Two Million, Four Hundred Thousand Dollars a year.

Lighting rates are cut to a maximum rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilowatt hour for incorporated areas, with a similar reduction in all areas.

The new rates are of greatest benefit to the small consumer—the residence user, stores and offices. Substantial reductions have been made in commercial, industrial and agricultural power rates. Street lighting rates are reduced.

Domestic combination rates for consumers using lighting service and in addition having electric appliances for heating and/or cooking, are as low as $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilowatt hour. The new commercial lighting schedules provide for lighting rates as low as 2 cents per kilowatt hour.

These new schedules providing lower electric rates are designed to encourage liberal usage of electricity at low cost. The new rates are among the lowest obtainable anywhere.

**ELECTRICITY IS CHEAPER — YOU CAN USE
MORE — MAKE IT YOUR SERVANT**

Let electricity brighten the gloomy corners. Let it do the cooking, ironing, washing. Let it sweep the floors, operate the electric fan, drive away chills. It will percolate the coffee, make the toast. keep food warm or cool and wholesome.

Modern electric appliances bring comfort, convenience and economy.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P·G·and·E·

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